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THE SCULPTURED STONES OF ROSS & CROMARTY

BY CAPTAIN COLIN MACKENZIE, F.S.A., Scot.

X.

THE next stone in order for consideration is the Obelisk at Shandwick. Cordiner seems to have been the first traveller to take any particular notice of it, and thus describes it in his *Antiquities and Scenery of the North of Scotland*:—"On a bank near the shore, opposite to the ruins of a castellated house, called *Sandwick*, and about three miles east from *Ferne*, a very splendid Obelisk is erected, surrounded at the base with large, well-cut flag-stones; formed like steps. Both sides of the column are elaborately covered with various enrichments, in well-finished carved work. The one face presents a sumptuous cross, with a figure of *St Andrew* on each hand, and some uncouth animals and flowerings underneath. The central division on the reverse, renders it a piece of antiquity well worthy of preservation: there is exhibited in that such a variety of figures, birds, and animals, as seemed what might prove a curious subject of investigation; I have therefore given a distinct delineation of them, at

the foot of the column, on a larger scale, that their shapes might be distinctly ascertained, and the more probable conjectures formed of their allusion". This account is contained in a letter from Cordiner to Pennant, dated Dornoch, June 13th, 1776. The "delineation" is that of the reverse of the stone, and the engraving appears along with the above letterpress in the *Antiquities and Scenery*. In the *Remarkable Ruins*, Cordiner says:—"The stone is still in great preservation. Within the circle of a few miles in that district, are many similar monuments; but most of the others are either fallen down or broken, however, many curious fragments of them are still to be seen." A drawing of the obverse of the stone also appears in the *Remarkable Ruins*. Dr Stewart says of this cross:—"This magnificent Obelisk lies near the village of Shandwick, in the Parish of Nigg, about a mile westward from the stone at Hilton, and a quarter of a mile from the sea shore. It was unfortunately blown down within the last ten years [Stewart writes in 1856,] and, in consequence, broken into two pieces." Hugh Miller says, *Scenes and Legends*:—"The stone of Shandwick is still standing,* and bears on the side which corresponds to the obliterated surface of the other [i.e. the Hilton slab,] the figure of a large cross, composed of circular knobs wrought into an involved and intricate species of fret work, which seems formed by the twisting of myriads of snakes. In the spaces on the sides of the shaft there are two huge, clumsy-looking animals, the one resembling an elephant, and the other a lion; over each of these a St Andrew seems leaning forward from his cross; and on the reverse of the obelisk the sculpture represents processions, hunting scenes, and combats." Dr Stewart does not fall in with all Messrs Cordiner and Miller's conclusions. He observes:—"It has been supposed that the figures on each side of the cross, immediately beneath the transverse bar, are intended to represent St Andrew on his cross, but it may be doubted whether they are not meant to represent angels with displayed wings, like those on the stone at Eassie. The pillar is of freestone. The raised bosses or knobs on the face of the cross appear on many of the Irish monuments, and on

* In a note he remarks, "since, however, blown down in a storm, and broken into three pieces." This is erroneous, as the stone has only been broken in two pieces, as described by Dr Stuart.

St Martin's cross at Iona. The same sort of ornament was long continued on the Highland targets."

The account of the Parish of Nigg, drawn up for the *New Statistical Account of Scotland* by the Rev. Lewis Rose, and revised in 1836, has the following :—" [The cross] at Shandwick is called '*Clach a Charridh*,' the stone of the burying-ground. '*Carridh*' is the Gaelic word for a burial-place; and it was a mistake, in the former Statistical Account, to call this stone '*Clach a Charraig*,' *the stone of the rock*. It is about 8 feet high, 4 broad, and 1 thick. It has been often described and admired by the lovers of antique curiosities. The ground around was, for ages, employed as a burying-place, but it has not been used for that purpose within the last fifty years. [Since 1786?]." Mr Denoon remarks of the cross :—"Another stone somewhat similar to the Hilton stone, stands on a hill at the back of Shandwick village, on the estate of Balnagown. It is about 9 feet high, 3 feet broad, and 6 inches thick. It was erected, we are told, over the remains of another son of the King of Denmark, who had been wrecked on Craig Cary (Cary Rock). These rocks were also called the King's sons,' and the stone is called Clach Cary (the Cary stone)." Here we have another proof of many of the uncertainties of tradition. Mr Denoon refers to the "Cary Rock," and calls the cross itself "Clach Cary." Now, this latter name looks very like a repetition of the "Clach a Charraig," *the stone of the rock*, mentioned above, and which the Rev. Lewis Rose tells us should be read *the stone of the burying ground*—or has it anything to do with Prince Carius? The reader may remember that the spot where the Edderton incised stone stands is called "Carry Blair," or the battlefield of Carius, and that it is said to mark the grave of a certain Prince Carius, who, at the head of a body of "invading Norwegian pirates," was defeated and slain there. What a talent our ancestors had for ascribing all their antiquities to a foreign origin; and the belief has not died out yet. Both the incised obelisks and the beautiful sculptured crosses are ascribed contemporaneously to the Vikings! It is high time that truthful history should be written and error dissipated. In other words, that the civilised Pict should be shown to have been the man of culture, not the semi-barbarous Northman.

That the Shandwick stone is the oldest of the crosses of

Easter Ross, I can scarcely doubt, though the fragmentary state of the Tarbat crosses renders it difficult to assign a particular date to their erection. I shall, however, later on, endeavour to fix an approximate date to the Shandwick cross, but in the meantime I deem it best to lay aside theory, and describe the stone as it actually appears at present. I also beg to refer the reader to a note in No. VIII. of these papers, where I pointed out that though Cordiner's pictures in the *Antiquities and Scenery* were deserving of praise, those in the *Remarkable Ruins* were by no means reliable. Having now carefully observed and noted the discrepancies between Cordiner's sketch in the latter book, the *Sculptured Stones of Scotland*, and the Shandwick cross itself, I intend, as I proceed with my description, to point out the errors shown in Cordiner's picture of the obverse, as inserted in the *Remarkable Ruins*. This latter I do for the three following reasons. First—of Dr Stewart's *Sculptured Stones of Scotland*, only a limited number of copies were printed for the Spalding Club; the book is very dear; and it is not generally accessible. Secondly—It will probably never be reproduced, as a whole, either in its present or in a more popular form; and but a very scanty number of its plates have been reproduced, often very faultily by means of woodcuts, which must be painfully sought for through the pages of a multitude of writers upon archæology. Thirdly—That Cordiner's *Remarkable Ruins* are in the hands of many persons, who are as unable to obtain access to the writers latterly mentioned, as they are to Dr Stewart's work itself, and who might therefore be led by Cordiner to form erroneous conceptions of the Ross-shire monuments, were no steps taken to point out in what particulars the plates in the *Remarkable Ruins* are at fault.

The first thing to be observed with regard to the obverse of the stone is that it is perfectly square at the top, whereas Cordiner represents it as being rather pointed. A raised rim seems originally to have run all round the stone. What first catches the eye is a large Latin cross, occupying the whole upper half of that face of the obelisk looking seawards, and having semi-circular pieces cut out at the intersection of the arms, a very common Celtic pattern, of which stones at Brodie, Elgin, St Vigean (No. 2), Kingoldrum, Kirriemuir, &c., might be cited as examples. Cordiner on the contrary inserts at the intersections perforated circles,

a type perfectly distinct from the other and of which the Cross (No. 3) at Meikle is a good example. But what constitutes the most curious feature of this Shandwick cross is that, instead of being filled in with knot or other work, it is ornamented with a double row of bosses or knobs. There are ten of these upon each of the upper arms, twenty-two upon the lower arm or stem of the cross, and four in the centre. These centre four are the smallest; four at each of the intersections, that is sixteen bosses, are of medium size; while the thirty-six, occupying the broader portion of the limbs, are the largest. There are, therefore, fifty-six bosses in all. Some of these bosses are now almost weathered away. From the peculiar shape given by Cordiner to this cross in his drawing, he has been unable to represent either the proper position, size, form, or number of these bosses. Dr Stuart has called attention to this boss ornamentation as resembling that of St Martin's Cross at Iona and that of various Irish crosses; but I am glad to find that he does not raise upon this fact any hypothesis as to the Shandwick stone being the work of Irish sculptors. The truth is that the boss work was common to all the Celts. It may be found on Sarcophagi at Meikle and St Andrews, and on crosses at Dunfallandy, St Madoes, Aberbuno, a fragment at St Vigean, and more especially scattered over the head of the very fine cross (No. 4) at Meikle. But the most important fact of all is that bosses are used on all the monuments in the immediate neighbourhood of the Shandwick stone. The Cross of Nigg is most profusely decorated with them, both round and oval, and beautifully ornamented; the border of a fragment of a cross at Tarbat is studded with them; between the intersections of the arms, and the circular disc which surrounds the cross on one side of the Edderton stone, are four bosses, and also one in the centre; four bosses appear in the four corners of the square which surrounds the Greek cross on one side of the Rosemarkie obelisk; and there is no reason why the cross which once was engraved upon the Hilton slab should not have been similarly ornamented. No bosses appear upon the rude symbol-inscribed standing stones.

Regarding the two spaces above the transverse limbs of the cross, we find that the ornamentation of one is quite obliterated, while the other contains a rude sort of padlock-shaped ornament, as if the padlock were turned upside down; the handle or catch

of the padlock being twisted, and the centre filled, with knot work. And now I have to call attention to one of Cordiner's most flagrant mistakes, which, had he lived in our own day, I trust he would never have committed. Doubtless owing to the height of the cross, he was unable to make out the state of the spaces above the arms, and so he quietly evolved out of his inner consciousness *a couple of kneeling angels*, who never could have existed. Of these and the two bending priests on the Nigg slab he coolly says, in the *Remarkable Ruins*:—"The figures in praying postures on the fragment [at Nigg,] and those [at Shandwick,] seemed to have been similar ones, or angels bending at the cross." He then proceeds to argue that these figures, the cross itself, the two St Andrews on crosses (of which more anon), and the dove placing the consecrated wafer on the patten (on the Nigg slab), bear testimony that these stones were decorated with figures, &c., copied from illuminated missals brought from Rome. He says:—"The missionaries from the Church of *Rome*, bringing their missals and other books along with them, artists would have access to see them. By the taste of the times, these books from the Continent were in general illuminated with various paintings. The piety of the new converts adopted these as the chief embellishments for their monumental stones." How then about our own primitive Christianity? How then about St Ninian and St Columba who preached the simple gospel to Scotland, long before Rome sent us priests to drive the country wild over the peculiar form of the tonsure, or the particular day upon which Easter should be celebrated? How about the Columbian Gospels of Durrow? The nearest approach to Celtic art, as far as missals are concerned, which I ever saw, was a rude representation in an illuminated copy of the Revelation of St John, then in the Royal Library of Madrid, depicting the Great Dragon sweeping the stars out of heaven with his tail. The form of the old serpent reminded me strongly of some of the more uncouth monsters of the standing stones. But the famous *Codex Argenteus*, which I have seen in the library of Upsala in Sweden, and which is the oldest Christian manuscript I have ever seen, though written in letters of silver, and older than the Gospels of Durrow, is not illuminated. A certain connection between the embellishment of some of the Saxo-Northumbrian crosses, and early Roman Missals,

may be traced, for it was a Roman missionary, St Augustine, who converted the Saxons, but to endeavour to prove that Celtic ornament can be found in any purely Roman Missal, of even the ninth, or tenth, or eleventh century, is simply to court ignominious failure. Celtic civilization like Celtic art was indigenous, and what Saxon and Gothic barbarism actually wrought upon the former, the Roman missionary (belauded by Cordiner), endeavoured to wreak upon the latter.

Dr Stuart says:—"Mr Westwood reminds us, that of the copies of the Holy Scriptures sent into England by St Gregory, with the mission of St Augustine, two are still preserved, and that they are different in the character of the writing from the Irish, as well as remarkable for their wanting the ornamentation which is so prominent in these." Owen Jones, in his *Grammar of Ornament*, under "Celtic Ornament," remarks—"All the most ancient Italian manuscripts are entirely destitute of ornamental elaboration." Does not all this go to prove that the art of illumination took its rise among the Celts, who must at that time have reached a high pitch of civilisation and culture.

Vae Victis. Woe to the conquered. The splendid pageants of the Roman Church were not long in supplanting the simple service of the Culdees. The high mass in the lofty fane blazing with gorgeous vestments, gold, and jewels, and redolent of the reek of incense, as surely appealed to the senses, as the simple service outside the hermit's wattled booth, or rough stone cell, had gone home to the heart. But there is a comforting old proverb, "Threatened men live long." Palestine was conquered long ago, but there are still myriads of Jews. As long as the Celt lives, his art will live with him. Many a Highland dirk and snuff-box boast to-day the patterns which were in vogue a thousand years ago—and who shall say that the Highlanders, who, with resistless bayonets, charged the murderous lines of Tel-el-Kebir, were one whit behind those who died in their blood upon the Muir of Drummossie. Amongst an enlightened and chivalrous race, native art like native courage will never die!

(To be continued.)

MEMOIR OF SIR JAMES MATHESON OF THE LEWS, BART.—The portion of "The History of the Mathesons" containing this Memoir is not for sale separately. It was specially printed for Lady Matheson "for private circulation" only.

THE LATE DANIEL MACKINLAY.

ONE of the duties which we laid down for ourselves, when this periodical came into existence, was to commemorate the good deeds of Highlanders who have made for themselves a position in life—in the military, literary, or learned professions, or in the commercial world. In the latter Daniel Mackinlay, who, on the 3rd of October last, died at Portobello, aged 72, deserves special notice. He was born in 1810, of respectable parents, his father being Peter Mackinlay, at one time tenant of the farm of Arnish, in the Island of Lews, and his mother Sybella, daughter of Captain Kennedy of Stornoway. His career adds another instance to the many examples among our countrymen which go to show that success does not always depend on the start which one gets to begin the world with. Mackinlay was eminently a self-made man. His father died while Daniel was a mere boy, leaving his little son utterly penniless, and without even the knowledge of the three R's; but, thanks to our Scottish Parochial School system, then in existence, and the assistance of a good and wise mother, Daniel, naturally a bright intelligent boy, early became a good scholar, and soon obtained a private tutorship in the family of Mr Maciver of Gress. He afterwards occupied a similar position in the family of Mr Stewart, father of the present popular and well-known John Stewart of Ensay, late of Duntulm. Subsequently he secured a situation in the office of Mr Murdo Robertson of the Bill Chamber, Edinburgh; and from there he got into the office of Mr Thomas Mackenzie, younger of Applecross, M.P., and W. S. in Edinburgh. From here he was, in 1844, sent to Calcutta to take the management of the firm of Gillanders, Arbuthnot, & Co., a position which he obtained solely, in consequence of the able and judicious manner in which he carried through some legal business entrusted to his employer, and in which Mr George Arbuthnot, of Morris Bank, was interested. By careful and prudent management he piloted the house, now under his charge, safely over the disastrous failures of 1847-48, when so many others came to grief. He continued his successful commercial career abroad until 1860, when he was able to return home with

a handsome fortune. So much esteemed was he by his brother merchants in Calcutta—who had previously conferred upon him the Presidentship of the Chamber of Commerce—the highest honour at their disposal—that, on his retirement, they had his portrait painted and hung up in their Chamber, while at the same time they presented him with a valuable service of plate, in recognition of his services to his brothers in commerce.

One who knew him intimately informs us that "though Mackinlay was most successful as a merchant, his memory will be cherished more for his heart qualities than for those of the head. Nothing pleased him so much as doing a good turn for young Highlanders. When any one applied for an appointment for any Highland lad, Mackinlay would, with the utmost pleasure, enter heart and soul into the matter, and do all in his power, which was a great deal, generally ending in securing a good appointment for the applicant. During his stay in Calcutta, from 1844 to 1860, he performed many acts of kindness for his countrymen which can never be published, but which remain engraved on the hearts of the grateful recipients of his liberality and aid. If a Lews man landed at that port, and needed anything, Mackinlay was sure to find him out and assist him. He was the first who recognised the merits of the late Kenneth Macleod, of Greshornish, and placed him in that position, where, by his own natural ability, he quickly amassed a fortune. Mackinlay was, in a word, the brightest ornament and the greatest benefactor to the Lews, among its own sons, that ever left it. He had always a kindly feeling to his native island and its inhabitants—at one time getting up subscriptions for the widows of its brave fishermen, who had perished at sea; at another, interesting himself in the welfare of its poor crofter inhabitants; indeed he was always thinking of them."

Mackinlay has provided several open bursaries of £15 and £10 each, tenable for three years, for competition among the youth of the Lews, to encourage and help on those of them taking up any of the learned professions. Though he never made the slightest effort to make himself so, he was very popular with all those who really knew him; and his friends were not of the class who knew him to-day and forgot him to-morrow. They were all, like himself, genuine and true, and those of them who

assembled at his grave—many of whom came long distances—felt as if, by his death, they had lost a brother.

In 1874 he rented the shootings of Gress in the Lews, where he afterwards resided for a few years during the sporting season, and showed great interest in the position of the poorer inhabitants of the Island. In 1870 some correspondence appeared in the newspapers about the condition of the Lews crofters, and Mr Mackinlay addressed a long letter to Mr Hugh M. Matheson, Commissioner for the Island, under Sir James Matheson, Bart., which he published at the time, with an appendix of 43 pages, and which contains a mass of interesting and valuable information regarding the past history of the Island, its management, and the condition of its inhabitants. Taking him all in all, he was one of those self-made Highlanders of whom not only his own immediate friends, but his countrymen generally, may well feel proud, and whose name well deserves recognition in a periodical like ours.

A. M.

THE GREATNESS OF GOD.

(From the Gaelic of Dugald Buchanan, 1716-1768.)

O, what is God or what the name of God ?
 The highest angel cannot comprehend ;
 Nor eye nor thought can reach His dread abode
 Concealed in dazzling brightness without end.

Himself the fountain whence His Being flows,
 His every attribute is increate ;
 In His own nature on He ever goes,
 His self-perfection bearing up His State.

Youth and old age come not within the sphere
 Wherein He moves the same from aye to aye ;
 Nor sun nor moon shall measure His career,
 For these compared with Him soon pass away.

Immortal day proceeds out from His eye,
 When He reveals His glory or His grace ;
 And forthwith all the hosts of heaven high
 Attempt, each with his wings, to veil his face.

And if in wrath His countenance He shews,
 Terror shall suddenly the skies o'erspread ;
 At His rebuke the ocean backward flows,
 And earth itself is moved with conscious dread.

The works of Nature flourish and decay ;
 From change to change they ever onward go ;
 But all His actions unity display ;
 And in His Being there's neither ebb nor flow.

Angels and men to *nothing* both are nigh,
 The womb whence all have sprung which God hath made ;
 But, being eternal, His perfections high
 Shall, from their very nature, never fade.

When Nothing heard the voice of His command
 The vast creation rose in Majesty ;
 The earth that teems with life by sea and land ;
 The heavens with all the heavenly host on high.

Then He looked down and viewed creation all,
 And blessed each creature in its several place ;
 Nor needed change in any, great or small,
 Among His works—so good in every case.

Upon His palm revolves the firmament,
 With every star that twinkles in the skies ;
 In hollow of His hand creation's pent,
 And for support on His strong arm relies.

O, God ! who can Thy Being compass round,
 Whose depths all reason tries to sound in vain ?
 Angels and men attempting this are found
 Like mussel-shells that try to grasp the main.

Thou art a King from all eternity
 To whom this world's but yesterday begun ;
 Oh ! small's the history we've heard of Thee ;
 Nor great of Thine all works beneath the sun.

Although the sun to nothing should decay,
 With all the planets that on Him attend,
 As little would Thy works miss them away
 As ocean would a drop on finger-end.

Creation cannot with its glory all
 Reveal to us in full, God our strong tower ;
 In total of His works, both great and small
 We but perceive an earnest of His power.

How vain for us with shallow thought endowed
 To search an ocean that is infinite ;
 The smallest letter of the Name of God
 For our poor reason is too great a weight.

For there is nought that can with Thee compare
 'Mongst all the mighty works which Thou hast done
 And 'mongst all men no language can declare
 Thy Name aright, but Thine Own Word alone.

JOHN SINCLAIR, B.D., Minister of Rannoch.

Manse of Kinloch-Rannoch.

THE HIGHLANDERS AND THEIR TASTES.—It has become a favourite pretence on the part of some that music and the fine arts are the great means of refining and elevating society. Now, music and the fine arts are good in their own place, but experience proves that, apart from other elements, they have no tendency whatever to promote a high-toned morality. It may be said, for example, that no class of men abhor the introduction of instrumental music into worship more, or care less for the fine arts, than the Highlanders ; whilst Italy is the land of ecclesiastical splendour, sculpture, and enchanting music. Yet it is of that land that the poet says—

" In florid beauty groves and fields appear ;
 Man is the only growth that dwindles here.
 Though grave, yet trifling, zealous, yet untrue,
 And even in penance planning sins anew.

My soul, turn from them, turn thee to survey
 Where rougher climes a nobler race display."

Ruskin, speaking of the Indian Mutiny, suppressed by the Highlanders, says—" Out of the peat cottage come forth courage, self-sacrifice, purity, and piety, and whatever else is fruitful in the work of heaven ; out of the ivory palaces come treachery, cruelty, cowardice, idolatry, bestiality, or whatever else is fruitful in the work of hell." All our military commanders, including the most recent, turn to the noble Highlanders, wedded to their simple forms of devotion, as men true as steel in the discharge of duty.—*Speech by Dr Begg.*

THE GLENALMOND HIGHLANDERS AT WIMBLEDON.—The representative of Glenalmond has been again successful in winning the Spencer Cup at Wimbledon for the best individual shot in all the Public Schools. The winner this year was Lance-Corporal Scott. On the prize day, in the words of the *Times*, " Lance-Corporal Scott, in the Highland uniform of Glenalmond, was loudly cheered as he went for the Spencer Cup," and the annual reception of the Glenalmond team at Wimbledon shows that " nowhere beats the heart more kindly," not only " than beneath the tartan plaid," but than in Scotch breasts in the South at the sight of it.

LAND NATIONALISATION—ITS NECESSITIES AND ITS AIMS.*

THAT a man like Alfred Russel Wallace, so enthusiastic and successful in the pursuit of natural science in its higher relations, should withdraw his attention from such studies to write a book on the nationalisation of the land is in itself a fact of the utmost significance. Those who imagine that the land tenure of this country is to continue like the earth itself for ever, should ponder, we will not say the conclusions of the work before us, but the fact that such a book, and by such a man, should come to be written at all. Our author is not a man who is unaccustomed to reasoning in the closest possible manner, but not after the manner of the school-men, who build portentuous theories on the narrow basis of a few first principles* which have never been tested by experience. On the contrary, it is his habit to compare, analyse, test, and combine facts, revealed in actual life, and from these to draw out the theory which give them unity and intelligibility. This power is so conspicuous in his many charming works on the phenomena of sea and land, as to make him a rival—some would even place him higher—of Darwin himself. But keen as was the pleasure which Mr Wallace found in tracing the methods which nature pursued in the past in order to find an explanation of the present earth and all that it contains, he nevertheless has been for a long time a sympathising observer of the social condition of these islands of ours. One striking peculiarity of the state of this country impressed itself on the mind and heart of Mr Wallace so much that all his power of thinking was set earnestly to work to find its explanation and its remedy—for remedy it needs as much, nay more, than fever or small-pox. The fact referred to is the appalling one that the vast increase of the wealth of this country has not diminished its poverty and wretchedness. Nay, it seems certain that thousands of our people are sunk in a lower hell than they were when millionaires were unknown. The sad truth that misery is the lot of multitudes who help to produce

* By Alfred Russel Wallace, author of "The Malay Archipelago,"
"Island Life," etc. London: Trübner & Co.

the splendid fortunes in which they have no share sufficient to cover their nakedness, or warm their blood, or fill their stomachs, finds its explanation, according to our author, in the absolute ownership in land conferred by law on private individuals. Now, according to him, if wealth is not only to shed a lustre over a select portion of society, but if it is to put reasonable animal comfort, and the decencies and refinements of moral and intellectual life, within the reach of those whose lot it is to toil with their hands, then this private individual and absolute ownership in land must cease and determine. This is no hurried and impulsive conclusion on the part of our author under the pressure of feeling called into play by the dark contrast between the extremes of splendour and squalor, of the baronial hall, and the hut at once a byre and a dwelling-house, so frequently seen in our country. For eighteen years our author has been meditating on this momentous subject—a subject which the hard facts of existence will not suffer to go to sleep until some solution of it is accomplished. Mr Wallace may have argued himself into conclusions which are impracticable, a favourite phrase of the indolent, the faithless, and the timid in all ages, but supported, as they are, with so many deplorable facts, and with so much lucid and unimpassioned reasoning—for passion is suppressed in this book as firmly as if it were a study in quaternions—no wise man will dismiss them without earnest study.

It is not easy to present in small space Mr Wallace's theory of the Nationalisation of the Land. We refer the reader to the book itself, which, like the work of every great writer is intensely interesting in virtue of its facts, its illustrations, and general spirit, apart from the particular theory which it upholds. The chapter, for example on landlordism in Scotland will bring a tear to the eye of many whose ancestors were dealt with, as if they were so much scrub on the land—aye, and of many who have themselves been so used; perhaps too it will prick some consciences impervious to the arrows of our native—and therefore it is supposed prejudiced writers—our Millers, Macleods, and Mackenzies.

But let us try to give the reader a general idea of Mr Wallace's solution of the Land Problem, and first let us quote what he holds to be the necessary requirements of a right solution.

1. It is clear that landlordism must be replaced by occupying

ownership. No less radical reform will get rid of the widespread evils of our present system.

2. Arrangements must be made by which the tenure of the holders of land must be secure and permanent, and nothing must be permitted to interfere with the free use of the land, or his certainty of reaping all the fruits of any labour or outlay he may bestow upon it.

3. Arrangements must be made by which every British subject may secure a portion of land for personal occupation at its fair agricultural value.

4. All suitable tracts of unenclosed and waste lands must, under certain limitations be open to cultivation by occupying owners.

5. The free sale and transfer of every holder's interest in his land must be secured.

6. In order that these conditions be rendered permanent, sub-letting must be absolutely prohibited, and mortgages strictly limited.

But how is it possible to give effect to these conditions, how can a tenant become an occupying owner without being a landlord under another name, and, therefore, a new source of all the evils which flow from our present system of landlordism?

Mr Wallace answers—The State must become the real owner, or ground landlord. The tenant is to be a perpetual holder of the land, not its absolute owner—the absolute owner being the State. This in effect is the feudal theory which makes the land belong to the king and all proprietors to be but holders of the land from him. It must be borne in mind that Mr Wallace would not transfer to the State all that now belongs to the proprietors of lands. We must make a distinction between the estate and what the landlord in his own person or that of his predecessors, has put *upon* or *into* the estate. Nature is responsible for the one, cultivation in some form or other for the latter. Mr Wallace would have the State take possession of the estate as it is, mere land apart from what labour has added to it. Land has a natural and inherent value depending in part on the condition and position of the soil, in part on such circumstances as population and the necessities which, in the shape of towns, ports, railroads, etc., and an abundant population create. This value the

landlord has, as a whole, no power either of creating or destroying. When the land is nationalised it will become, in this respect, and only in this respect, the absolute property of the State. But a cultivated estate has a value which is due to actual improvement, apart from its natural value. This consists in houses, fences, timber, drains, and roads not made at the public expense. In the new scheme the State is not allowed to take possession of this portion of the value of land. The characteristic which distinguishes this element of the value of land from the inherent value, is that as it was created by human energy, so it may be destroyed by neglect and wantonness. It is therefore of vital importance that all that belongs to the land as distinct from the land itself, all that is involved in tenant right should become the property of the tenant, so that he may if he choose dispose of it, in part or whole, in open market, at a profit if he has added to its value, at a loss if he allows it to deteriorate.

But how is he to get possession of it without injury to the landlord or the State? The answer is, that the State will determine the value of the land which it takes into its own hand apart from what is called the tenant right. For the loss of this the State will compensate the landlord by an annuity of equal annual value, only terminable on certain conditions. The landlord cannot bequeath these annuities to an heir further removed in blood than a second cousin, as such can have no *just expectation* of inheriting the property of a relation so far off. In all cases for a similar reason the annuities will terminate with the third generation.

Now, in the first place, tenants, after the passing of the Act, who wish to become occupying owners, must pay the value of this annuity to the State in the form of rent; and, secondly, they must purchase the tenant right from the landlord, who will be obliged to sell. They may arrange the matter privately; but failing that, a land court will decide the value of the tenant right. When the tenant pays his annual rent to the State, and the value of the tenant right to the landlord, he becomes a holder of the land in perpetuity under the State. This holder may buy as much as he can, or sell what he has. He may divide and subdivide his holding, and sell the various parts separately. This freedom, however, is to be limited by two stringent restrictions.

Sub-letting is to be absolutely forbidden; in other words, no man is to occupy more land than he can occupy personally; for sub-letting would be private landlordism under another name. The next restriction is that heavy mortgages on the land must not be allowed.

Such is a general view of the theory which Mr Wallace has elaborated after years of laborious study. In his book he discusses rival solutions of this vast question, and finds them wanting. Besides, he reviews with great clearness those objections founded on ethical and political grounds which have been raised against the position claimed for the State in relation to the land. Further, our author deals, in the frankest way, with the bearing of this scheme on the future position of our aristocracy, on our towns, our commons, our mines, our taxation, etc. Mr Wallace does not hesitate to follow his argument whither it leads him, and it has led him to the conviction that he has found a means of transferring to the State the ownership of the land without doing injury to any existing landlord or *expectant* heir; that he has hit upon a plan of land tenure which shall combine all the advantages of "safe possession and transmissible ownership;" and that shall guard us from the untold evils of the present system, and that shall render the land an inexhaustible source of national income. If all this be true, may the good time coming put swifter feathers in its wing!

We shall not attempt a criticism of Mr Wallace's theory. Gradually society *may* reach his ideal, but that idea is divided from our present circumstances by a gulf so wide that it might be dangerous to try to jump it at a bound. If ever realised it must be in the way that his own favourite evolution attains its end, here a little and there a little in the way of change, though let us hope with less waste, and more economy in the matter of time. Whatever may be our convictions as to the soundness of Mr Wallace's conclusions, most unprejudiced minds will allow that he has conclusively shewn that our present system of land tenure is productive of results, condemned by philosopher, economist, and Christian. The root of the mischief lies in the assumption made by the landlords that the land is theirs in a manner so absolute that they may turn it into a desert. Our fields are ours—who is Lord over us? This power must in some way be as-

sailed, persistently assailed, until it is razed to the ground, until it shall be impossible that facts, brutal facts, like those described by Mr Wallace in his chapter on landlordism in Scotland, can ever again happen to sully a page of our future history. It is not revolutionary now to argue thus, for the law has taken away from the proprietors of 600,000 tenants of this realm the power to increase their rents at pleasure, or to remove them from their holdings. Had such a law been in force eighty years ago, Sellar's name would not be the reproach it now is, and will be for generations—unhappy victim of a vicious system. Had we such a law now in Scotland, Clyth would have been spared those acts of rapacity which are fitted to awaken in the minds of her peaceful sons thoughts and feelings whose fruit, if unchecked, can be nothing but evil. We can understand and appreciate the views of men who say boldly that, in spite of all the misery which the present system of landlordism has let loose on individuals, it is wrong, absolutely wrong, and unjust, for the law to curtail the rights of the landlord over his land, and so over the human beings who dwell upon it. That is a view which can explain itself, and give reasons for the hope that is in it. But we cannot understand the position of those who hold that it was right to give the tenants of Ireland a Land Law which makes them the most independent tenants in the world, and yet hold at the same time that a similar Act for Scotland is not to be thought of. If by right they mean *expedient*, then they in effect say—You, the sons of Erin, because you stalk landlords, as landlords stalk deer, and with success, shall have a Land Act, but you, sons of the Highlands, because you respect the Decalogue, must be left, without one, to the *summum jus*—i.e., in the vernacular, to the *tender* mercy (often cruel enough) of your Whig and Tory lords!! This is putting a premium on assassination.

The fixed stars and the lairds never change, said the old saw. Astronomy shews that the fixed stars do change, and justice is at work, and will compel the lairds to change in more ways than one. In the meantime those who are interested in the welfare of our Highland peasantry should not waste their energies, as they will not, striving for the realisation of an ideally perfect system like that of Mr Wallace, but should give the legislature no rest until the power to evict our peasantry, and to charge them rent

on the labour of their own weary hands, shall be taken out of the hands of the proprietor, and shall be given to some impartial tribunal appointed by the State. We have nothing to say about our great sheep lords—they are able to look after themselves, they occupy the chief places of the land. Possibly the deer hunting millionaire may do to them as they did to the crofter. "Thy sword has made woman childless, therefore thy mother shall be childless." We hope not however. We believe that the vulgar display of our Winans will make the modern deer himself vulgar, and send our gentlemen back to the old school of sporting—if they will gratify the instinct, to learn the best rules and traditions of their favourite amusement. Meanwhile what remains of our peasantry must be saved—shorn as they now are of the best land, and of the vast moorland pastures so much more valuable to them than their arable land. Our good lairds who do not need any law to keep them from doing harm, though they too need better laws to help them to do good more abundantly, will not be angry at us—and if they do we cannot help it—for striving to get a law whose arm shall restrain the action of grasping, unsympathetic, indolent, pleasure-loving and needy landlords.

To all who take an interest in the land question we recommend a careful study of Mr Wallace's book. Apart from its special theory, it is intensely interesting, suggestive of thought, and instructive in many ways.

A. C. SUTHERLAND.

Genealogical Notes and Queries.

Q U E R I E S.

THE CHIEF OF THE MACRAES.—Could you or any of your readers kindly inform me who is the present chief of the Clan Macrae?

Nellie Cadoo, Amuly, Coorg, India.

FEAR-A-MHUINNTR CINNTAILE.

REV. LACHLAN MACKENZIE OF LOCHCARRON.—Will any one kindly tell me anything of the Rev. Lachlan Mackenzie, a famed Highland preacher, and which branch of the Mackenzie's he belonged to?

Kegworth.

M. B.

IS THE NAME FRATER THE SAME AS FRASER?—Can any of your readers tell me whether "Frater" is a corruption of "Fraser?" I have made enquiries through the medium of English papers, but can gather no information on the subject. I shall be glad to know whether the name, if changed from "Fraser," was done on account of some political trouble?

Lorne Street, Chester.

GEORGE FRATER.

Correspondence.

GAELIC ETYMOLOGIES, AND INTERESTING ANECDOTES
ABOUT GENERAL SIR ALLAN CAMERON OF ERRACHT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,—In a little volume of mine on local history and traditions, published not long ago, I appended a page or two of Gaelic etymologies—among others, the etymology of Kenmore—which name occurs in Scotland, as well as in Ireland. Kenmore—an Ceannamhor—is usually understood to be compounded of *ceann*, a head or end, and *mor* big—the big end of Loch-Tay. But as the east end of Loch-Tay, where Kenmore stands, does not seem to be much, if at all, the bigger end of the loch, I bethought me of an etymology more descriptive of the locality, and found it, as it seems to me, in *ceann*, and *mùir*—simply the end of the lake; and the same as *Ceanmloch*. The common objection to this is, that *mùir* means salt water exclusively; and cannot apply to a fresh water lake. But the fact is that *mùir* and *fairge* do not signify salt water exclusively. They are—if I may so call them—generic words, and may signify, as the case may be, either salt or fresh water. For example, the translators of the Scriptures into Gaelic, render “Sea of Galilee”—a fresh water lake—“*Mùir Ghàille*.” So they also render Sea of Chinnereth, another name for “Sea of Galilee”—not *loch Chineret*, but *fairge Chineret*—Num. xxxiv. 11. So also in 1 Kings vii. 23, the laver which contained fresh water for priestly ablutions, they translate *mùir leaghta*; and the sea of glass, in Rev. xv. 2, they render *fairge ghloine*—and the Dead Sea, being a salt water lake, an *shairge shalainn*, or salt sea.* So did the Hebrews use the word *yam*, sea, as our Gaelic translators of Scripture use *mùir* and *fairge*, in a generic sense, to signify fresh or salt water; and, as in Isaiah xviii. 2, to signify a river. When, however, the ocean is meant, *yam* has usually the article before it, as in Gen. xxxii. 12. So also the Greeks use the word *thalassa*, a sea. In Matt. iv. 18, it refers to fresh water, and in Acts x. 6, to salt water. The Gaelic word *loch* may also signify either fresh or salt water. Loch-Tay, Loch-Ness, Loch-Lomond are fresh water lochs; and Loch-Long, Loch-Etive, and Loch-Duich are salt water lochs.

While on etymological subjects, I may mention what I observed this autumn when sojourning for a few days at Strathpeffer, inhaling its fresh, sweet, salubrious air, and enjoying its bright scenery—namely, the many names of places that seem to contain the word *faire*—watching—as Fairdie or Fodderty, the place of watching; Cnocfairèil, the hill of watching; Fairburn, Fairabruin, or Fairebeinn, the mountain of watching; and Fyrisb, from *faire* and innis, the place of watching. Probably Forres or Farrais is from the same root; as also Farr, of which there are several in our Scotch topography. These, and many more that might be mentioned, may have been the Misphegs, or watch towers, of former times; and before the days of modern

* Probably *fairge*—water is the root of Fairgag—the name of a river; and also, of *fairgeadh*, bathing—a word, by the way, which several of our Gaelic lexicographers seem to have overlooked. *Mùir*, short, means water; and *mùir*, long, a stronghold. Hence Dochafuir, Trinafuir, Pitfuir, Beinafuir, and Glenfuir.

telegraphy they must have served important defensive purposes. From the top of Knockfarrel, the watchman had a far-reaching view eastwards, along the Firth of Cromarty; and no hostile fleet could approach without timely warning. Also, from its summit, as well as from the heights of Fyrish, and the Fairburn Hills, there could be seen by night the beacon fire, lighted on the heights of Ruidhe-soluis—a most suitable, as well as necessary, defensive device against sudden invasions and surprises in lawless and unsettled times.

I have just been re-reading the interesting biography of Sir Allan Cameron—Ailean nan Earrachd—in the first volume of the *Celtic Magazine*. Let me give one or two additional anecdotes of him, as I had them from my friend the late Rev. Alex. Macinnes, of Tummel-Bridge and Rannoch—himself a Lochaber man, and full of entertaining reminiscences of his native district. After his fatal and unhappy duel with Cameron of Morshiarlich, as his biographer tells us, Sir Allan fled southwards in haste to avoid serious consequences. Whether it so happened that he was insufficiently shod, or that in the hurry of his flight he marred his foot gear, I do not recollect. Anyhow, seeing a shoemaker's shop by the way, he entered, and asked him if he thought he had a pair of shoes ready to fit him? The shoemaker replied he thought he had; and, looking round the walls of his workshop, he spied a pair, which he took down, and asked the stranger to try them on. They fitted admirably, and the stranger asked the price of them. But finding that, in the hurry of flight that morning, he had forgotten his purse, he said to his friend, the shoemaker, that he must meantime give him credit for the amount. This the disciple of St Crispin positively declined, alleging that they were strangers to each other, and that he must have payment on delivery. Whereupon—for at times necessity has no law—Sir Allan ran for it, with the shoes in his possession, and the shoemaker hard in pursuit after him, but to no purpose, for the fugitive speedily out-distanced him, and was soon beyond his reach. Many years thereafter, a tall handsome man, in full military costume, entered the very same shoe-shop, and saluted the shoemaker—

“Cia mar tha thu 'n diugh a Dhòmhail?”

How are you to-day, Donald?

Donald looked up somewhat bewildered at the sudden appearance of this handsome apparition in military uniform, and timorously exclaimed—

“Ma tà le bhur cead, cha 'n eil mise ga 'r n-aithneachadh.”

With your leave, sir, I do not recognise you.

“Nach eil cuimhn' agad a Dhomhail, air an fhear a thainig le cabhaig 'o chionn a leithid so do bhliadhnachan—a dh' fhiach air, paidhir de do chuid brog; agus a thug a chasan as leò, gun do phaigheadh. Nach eil cuimhn' agad air sin, agus cho astarach 'sa chaidh thu air a thòir?”

Do you not remember, Donald, the man that many years ago came in haste to this very shop, tried on a pair of your shoes, ran off without paying you for them? Do you not remember that, and how vigorously you pursued him?

“Ma ta gu dearbh,” arsa Dòmhal, “'s maith sin 'tha cuimhn' agam air; agus 's mi a dh'fhaodadh, oir thug mi builg air buinn mo chasan an latha sin, nach do leighis gu ceann mios as a dheighe.”

Indeed I do very well, replied Donald; and well I may, for that day I so blistered the soles of my feet that they did not recover it for a month after.

It appears Sir Allan was at the time this visit took place in that district recruiting for his regiment. Aware of this, it began to dawn upon the poor shoemaker who his frank and friendly visitor might possibly be, and looking up at him enquiringly, but

respectfully, he said—"An e sibhse Ailean nan Earrachd?" "Are you Allan of Earrachd?"—the name by which he was familiarly known among the common people.

To which Sir Allan replied—"Ma ta tha mi 'n duil, gu 'r e sin is trice their iad rium ann an Lochaber co dhiu."

I rather think that is the name by which I am best known in Lochaber, anyhow.

The price of the shoes was paid down with interest, which Sir Allan insisted, on pain of displeasure, the reluctant shoemaker should accept; and more than this, the shoemaker himself was enlisted into his regiment—eventually became regimental shoemaker, and as such, we believe, lived to realise a handsome competency.

As his biographer narrates, Sir Allan fell deeply in love with Miss Philip—his future wife—and hopeless of getting her father's consent to their marriage, eloped with her. It appears his first acquaintance with her began in the house of a mutual friend; and Mr Philip, having from the first discountenanced the proposed union, saw but little of Sir Allan in those earlier years; and after the lapse of time he seems to have lost all recollection of what his appearance was. It is only on this supposition that we can explain the incident we are about to narrate. So it was that he and his father-in-law sat side by side on this occasion at the same festive board—Mr Philip quite unconscious that the handsome officer next him was his own son-in-law. The conversation naturally enough took a military turn, and Sir Allan was as entertaining and charming socially as he was brave on the battlefield. Mr Philip was quite taken with him, and dinner over, he took occasion to ask the name of the entertaining officer who sat on his left—complimenting him on his fine physique, his gentlemanly manners, and powers of conversation. It so happened the question was addressed to a Highland officer who knew them both—as well as the past estrangement between Philip and his friend of Earracht. "Yes!" he replied jocularly, in allusion thereto, "you see, Mr Philip, there are gentlemen as well as soldiers among us Scotch Highlanders, although you don't seem to think so; and I opine, that of such a Highlander as you had by you this evening, you have no cause to be ashamed were he your son-in-law." "Nor would I," was the reply, "had I such a son-in-law." "Well," responded the other, "that is your son-in-law you have been now conversing with—one of the most distinguished officers in the British army." The effect of this reply our readers may fancy. Suffice it to say, that in due time Sir Allan was received into favour, and ever after the two were knit together as father and son.

Can you inform me whether Mrs Grant of Carron's song of "Roy's wife" was originally composed in English or Gaelic? There is a Perthshire local tradition that the Roy of this song was village innkeeper at Aldevalloch, near Kenmore; and that his wife having disappointed a northern lover—a drover by profession—this drover composed in Gaelic the song which suggested Mrs Grant's English lyric. I am aware that Chambers, in his "Songs of Scotland before Burns," says the incident which occasioned it happened in the Highlands of Aberdeenshire. But a Perthshire correspondent, with whom I communicated, says—"I distinctly remember, when a boy, my father and grandmother talk of the old song of 'Roy's wife,' as referring to a John Roy about Taymouth, whose very handsome wife had jilted the author of the song." The following are some verses of the Gaelic version of this song, and I leave you to judge whether they bear any resemblance to Mrs Grant's performance:—

Bha mi latha tighin' mu thuath,
N deigh buair a reic 'sa Cheannach,
Sud an latha 'rinn mu leòn—
N uair thearuinn mi an còir Bhaigh-Bhealaich.

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Bean Iain Ruaidh bha 'n Alt-a-bhealaich,
Bean Iain Ruaidh bha 'n Alt-a-bhealaich,
'N cualadh sibh mar mheall i mi—
'N uair thearuinn mi mu thlir Bhraigh-Bhealaich.

Thug i geallaidhean gu leòr,
Gu'r mise m' ònar bh'aic mar leannan.
Ach dar thionndaidh mi mo chùl,
'S ann thug i stùil air Iain a Bhealaich.

Bha 'gruaidh mar ròs 'sa mhaduinn Mhaigh,
'Sa shìos cho gheal ri clòimh a chanaich.
Gnuis bhanaid, mhàlda, bhoidheach, réidh,
O sud an té a rinn mo mhealladh.

Bidh' mi muladach ri m' bheò,
'S mi air mo leònach leis an ainneir.
Ach mo bheannachd tha gu bràth
Do 'n nighean bhàn a bha 'm Braigh-Bhealaich.
“ Bean Iain Ruaidh, &c., &c.

October 1882.

ALLAN SINCLAIR.

THE CELTIC MEDICAL COLLEGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,—It is a well-known fact that in the palmy days of the Lord of the Isles, the art of medicine was highly cultivated in the College of the Ollamhs of Skye, and practised on scientific principles, when at the other seats of learning and capitals of Europe it was left to superstitious charlatans and barbers. It is to be regretted that their learned treatises are now, it is to be feared, irrecoverably lost. My object in writing is to bring under your notice a Gaelic MS., belonging to the Skye College of Physicians, at one time belonging to the Macleods of Skye, now in the Advocate's Library, Edinburgh. It is a Gaelic translation of six books of the classic Latin writings of one of the ancient Fathers of Medicine, Celsus Celsus de Medicina. I am aware that Gaelic medical terms are lost to the philologist. Neither in any of the Gaelic dictionaries, nor in any other printed work, are they to be found. It is strange that the Gaelic names and anatomy of the body is better known among women than to men. Now that there is in Edinburgh a Celtic Chair, and Doctors of medicine in Edinburgh anxious to show their knowledge of the tongue used—

“ When Adam delved and Eve span.”

Could they do better than give the world these books, with a treatise in Gaelic bringing the subjects treated of up to the present state of knowledge?—Yours, &c.,

SGEULAICHE.

THE BRAES CROFTERS AND LORD MACDONALD.
A MUNIFICENT OFFER.

THE following correspondence needs no comment, but we think it worthy of preservation in these pages. On the 28th of October the Editor of the *Celtic Magazine* received the subjoined telegram:—

"To Alexander Mackenzie, Esq., Dean of Guild of Inverness, from
Malcolm Mackenzie, Vue du Lac, Guernsey.

"Tender by telegraph to Lord Macdonald's agent all arrears of rent due by Braes crofters, and to stay proceedings. I write by post and send securities for one thousand pounds on Monday."

These instructions were carried out, and the following reply was received in due course:—

"5 Thistle Street, Edinburgh, 30th Oct. 1882.

"Sir,—We have received your telegram of to-day stating that you are authorised by a Mr Malcolm Mackenzie, Guernsey, to tender payment of the last two years' arrears of rent due to Lord Macdonald by the Braes crofters, on condition that all proceedings against them are stopped, and that you will be prepared to deposit securities for one thousand pounds to-morrow.

"Although we know nothing of the gentleman you mention, we will communicate your telegram to Lord Macdonald. At the same time, we must observe, that you seem to be labouring under a misapprehension as to the matter at issue between his lordship and the crofters, the proceedings against whom were raised for the purpose of preventing trespass, and not for recovering arrears of rent.—We are, &c.,

(Signed) "JOHN C. BRODIE & SONS.

"To Dean of Guild Mackenzie, *Celtic Magazine* Office, Inverness."

To the above letter the Editor replied as follows:—

"*Celtic Magazine* Office, Inverness, November 1, 1882.

"Sirs,—I am in receipt of your favour of Monday acknowledging my telegram on behalf of Malcolm Mackenzie, Esq., Guernsey, offering to pay arrears of Braes crofters on terms stated therein.

"I was fully aware of the nature of the proceedings against the crofters, though possibly Mr Mackenzie was not, and I simply carried out my instructions. I, however, think if Lord Macdonald desires to settle amicably with the people that this proposal, if it does nothing else, will give him an opportunity of doing so without any sacrifice of his position beyond showing a willingness to discuss the matter with the view to settle it in a way that will extricate all parties from a difficult position.

"Mr Mackenzie has now, through me, deposited securities amounting to over £1000 in the bank here, and I shall be glad to hear from you when you shall have heard from his lordship.—I am, Sirs, your obedient servant,

"Messrs John C. Brodie & Sons, W.S."

"A. MACKENZIE.

The Editor, on seeing Messrs Brodie's letter to him in the *Inverness Courier* of 2nd November, wrote another letter to the Messrs Brodie, in the course of which he said:—"Referring to the second paragraph of my letter of yesterday, permit me to express my opinion that a favourable opportunity has now arrived to compromise the question in dispute advantageously to both parties, and if I can in any way aid in that object, nothing will give me greater satisfaction. I have had no communication either direct or indirect with the Braes people since the recent trial, except the telegram which has appeared in the papers; but if a desire is expressed for an amicable arrangement, I shall be glad to visit them and do what I can to bring such about. I believe if a proposal were made to appoint an independent valuator connected with the West, and one in whom the people might fairly place confidence as to his knowledge of the country and the climate, the question might be settled in a few days. This valuator should value the crofts and Ben-Lee together, and name one sum for the whole. Though I have no authority for making this proposal, I believe it could be carried out to the satisfaction of all concerned, and it would extricate the authorities and Lord Macdonald from a most unenviable position."

To these letters no reply has been received.

Mr Malcolm Mackenzie followed up his telegram of 28th October with the following letter, addressed to the Editor of the *Celtic Magazine*. It was at once published in almost every newspaper in Scotland:—

"A. Mackenzie, Esq., Dean of Guild, Inverness.

"Dear Sir,—On reading in the *Inverness Courier* an account of the proceedings of Tuesday last against the Braes crofters, I thought that something might be done to take everybody out of a difficulty, and wired you the following message:—"Tender by telegraph to Lord Macdonald's agent all arrears of rent due by Braes crofters, and to stay proceedings. I write by post, and send securities for one thousand pounds on Monday."

"It appears to me to have now become the duty of every loyal Highlander to contribute towards the preservation of order. A fund for that purpose should be opened, and you will please put me down for ten pounds. As you may not be in funds, I send the thousand pounds on the security of being indemnified by Highlanders, trusting entirely to their own sense of duty.

"I trust that Lord Macdonald will be advised to accept payment of arrears, and to leave the people of the Braes in peace until the Government of the country can overtake measures to judge between him and them. It will be a heavy responsibility and a disgrace to call soldiers to Skye at the present time. Her Majesty has more important work to do with her soldiers than to place them at the service of the Court of Session in vindication of an unconstitutional law which is not based on principles of justice, and which has, by the progress of events and the evolution of time, become inoperative.

"The Court of Session looks for precedents. Where are there precedents for the reign of Queen Victoria? You can telegraph for a cargo of refrigerated meat to the Antipodes, and obtain it by steam.

"The prairies of America are brought into competition with Ben-Lee. The Courts, and even the human mind, have been under the domination of the dismal theories of Malthus and Ricardo. Why did they not give heed to the sound teachings of Dr Smith and Dr Chalmers, the great apostles of freedom?

"Our dual system is no longer possible. Lord Macdonald does not know what

to do. Nobody knows what to do. There is an absence of law and justice. Lord Macdonald may be a just and benevolent man—at least I hope he is ; his factor may be a just and benevolent man ; and from the conduct of the ground-officer, he appears to be a judicious man.

"In Scotland the administrator of justice is the robber who deprives the people of their natural and indefeasible right to the soil and of the labour which they have incorporated with it. Is that not a terrible contingency for any country to be in ? It is peculiarly disgraceful that it should be so in respect of the Highland race, who successfully defended their country, their lands, and liberties, against Romans and Normans. What have we come to ? Are they going to send for the Highland Brigade from Egypt to slaughter the people of Skye ?

"We call for Mr Gladstone. What can poor Mr Gladstone do, with time against him, society in a state of revolt, a demoralised House of Commons, a recalcitrant House of Lords, and the Court of Session at its wit's ends ? Let us pray that he may be able to act as a *governor* on this rickety steam-engine of society which, under high pressure, and by reason of great friction, is in danger of tearing itself to pieces. In the meantime, and until the machine is put in some sort of order, by Rules of Procedure and alteration of the law, it is every man's duty to keep her Majesty's peace and prevent bloodshed ; and as you appear to me, sir, to be doing yours, like a good Seaforth Highlander, or Ross-shire Buff, allow me to subscribe myself, very faithfully and loyally yours,

(Signed) "MAL. MACKENZIE.

"Guernsey, 24th October 1882."

The following letters explain themselves :—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INVERNESS COURIER.

Celtic Magazine Office, 2 Ness Bank, Inverness, 8th Nov. 1882.

Sir,—I have just received the enclosed letter from Mr Malcolm Mackenzie, Guernsey. Please publish it in the *Courier*, as you have already published the reply to my telegram from Lord Macdonald's agents.

Permit me, at the same time, to state that the sum of £1000, in actual cash, has now been placed by Mr Mackenzie at my disposal in the Caledonian Bank, and, in the event of his offer being entertained by Lord Macdonald, that I shall be ready at any moment to implement Mr Mackenzie's offer.—I am, &c.,

ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.

"Guernsey, 4th November, 1882.

"Alexander Mackenzie, Esq., Dean of Guild, Inverness.

"Dear Sir,—I am in receipt of your letter of the 1st, enclosing the reply of Lord Macdonald's solicitors to your telegram tendering them payment of two years' rent due by the Braes crofters.

"From Lord Macdonald's dignified position, he might be thought entitled to ask me for an introduction before accepting any assistance on behalf of his tenants ; but acting as I was, on the spur of the moment, to prevent bloodshed, and possibly to avert an act of civil war, I did not think that in these hard-money days his solicitors would raise any objections on the ground of my being unknown to them, especially as I made the Dean of Guild of Inverness the medium of my communication.

"As the days of chivalry are gone, and as clan ties and feelings of patriotism and

humanity are no longer of binding obligation, I could not imagine that a firm of solicitors would stand on so much ceremony.

"Whatever misapprehension Lord Macdonald's advisers are labouring under, I can assure them that I am labouring under none as to the real issues between him and his crofters. It would, doubtless, suit them to have the case tried on a false issue of trespass before a Court which must be bound by former decisions and prevailing canons as to the rights of Highland landlords. The plea of the poor people is that Lord Macdonald is the trespasser, in depriving them of their mountain grazings, without consent or compensation, and thereby reducing them to abject poverty. What can they do? It would raise the whole question of constitutional right, and, as I have said, the Court is bound by former decisions that the landlord has the right to resume possession, and to evict and banish the peasantry after having first reduced them to the last nettle of subsistence. A sentence of banishment used to be regarded as a punishment only next to death, but in the phraseology of landlords it is now an 'improvement.'

"In the days of 'bloody' George of our own ilk, the Court of Session knew better how to apply the 'boot' and the thumb screw than constitutional law. Even later, such ruffians as old Braxfield recognised no right in the people, and according to their dog Latin they found that the landlord was the only person who had a *persona standi*. It might, indeed, be an interesting question for more enlightened and better men to discuss whether the Crown of Scotland conferred on the chieftains by their charters the right of wholesale clearances and forcible banishment of the people from their native country; and when their military service was commuted into rent charges if it extended to the landlord the right to make it so oppressive that they could not live without appealing to the public bounty for charity. But I fear it is now too late to expect the High Court of Scotland to remedy the evil, and that we must look to some other Court for redress.

"It is in the hope that such a Court of equity may be established for Scotland as regards land and the well-being of the people that I ventured to offer my assistance, and I thought that Lord Macdonald and his advisers would be glad to make it the means of getting out of a difficulty, and quashing a case that has become a public scandal, instead of standing on ceremony.—I am, sir, faithfully yours,

(Signed) "MAL. MACKENZIE."

MEMORIAL TO THE LATE REV. ALEXANDER MACGREGOR, M.A.

—We are glad that a movement has been set on foot to erect a memorial to the Rev. Alex. Macgregor, so well known to the readers of this magazine; and we trust that the proposal will prove as successful as it deserves. No better Highlander ever existed than Mr Macgregor, and we feel sure that our readers will not forget what all Highlanders owe to his memory. The Committee state that "the memorial is to take, in the first instance, the form of a mural tablet to be erected in the West Church, and the surplus funds, if any, will be devoted to some permanent public object to be determined upon by the Committee and the subscribers." Subscriptions may be intimated to Colonel Stuart, Millburn, Inverness, or to us.

ACHALUACHRACH'S BRIDAL.

IT was the betrothal night of the tacksman of Achaluachrach ; the ceremony was over, the party dispersed, he and his young bride were taking a moonlight stroll, talking of the happy future which lay before them. Achaluachrach was in high spirits, but his gentle companion was quiet, subdued, almost sad. Her lover rallied her on the depression she evidently laboured under, and laughingly asked if she already repented of her bargain.

"No," replied the young girl, as she raised her tearful eyes to her lover's face, and clung closer to his side, "No, I do not repent ; but I fear much our marriage will never take place. I have had fearful dreams lately, ; this evening when we were contracted, I seemed to see a white cloud coming between us, and as I looked, it took the shape of a shroud, and since we came out, twice have I heard the croak of the raven. Ah ! listen, there it is again !" she cried, trembling violently, as the ill omened bird flew past them.

Achaluachrach did his best to drive these gloomy fancies from the mind of his beloved, laughed at her fears, calling her a silly, nervous lassie, and continued, "you must cheer up, and get rid of these foolish fancies, for I shall not be able to see you for the next day or two, as I start at daybreak to-morrow with a few chosen lads, to make a raid on old Rose of Kilravock, in Nairnshire, whose fine fat cattle will furnish a grand marriage feast for us."

"Oh ! Duncan," ejaculated the young girl earnestly, "don't go. There will be plenty for our marriage without you running this risk. My mind sadly misgives me ; you will either be killed or wounded. For my sake give up this scheme, and stay at home."

But all her entreaties were in vain ; her lover was not to be lightly turned from his purpose. He told her not to fear, for there was no danger. Kilravock was old, frail, and lame, and would not be likely to follow them.

The lovers took an affectionate farewell of each other,

as they were in sight of the bride's home, which lay on the other side of a burn, spanned by a simple rude bridge, formed of felled trees thrown across. She had just reached the middle of this rustic structure when Achaluachrach turned back, and sprang lightly on the bridge to catch another embrace, and whisper a last loving word. He was gone again before his bride had time to speak ; but when she recollected where she was standing, she wrung her hands, and cried aloud, " Alas ! alas !! my fears will be too true, for ' those who part on a brig will never meet again,' oh why did he turn back," said the sobbing girl as she hurried home in deep distress.

The next day Achaluachrach and his friends made the promised raid on Kilravock, secured a rich *creach*, and started homeward in triumph. They reached Strathdearn without molestation, and rested for the night at a place called Bro'-clach, where there was good pasturage for the tired cattle. The reivers, feeling quite secure, determined to enjoy themselves, so, taking possession of a bothy, they killed one of the primest bullocks, and made a grand feast. So confident were they, that they neglected to take the usual precautions against a surprise, and merely placed a young lad to watch outside, and to keep the cattle from straying, while all the rest ate, drank, and sang inside the bothy. They, however, " reckoned without their host," for Kilravock, although both old and lame, was too high-spirited to be thus harried with impunity, so, hastily gathering his men, he followed in pursuit. On his way he was joined by men from the districts through which he passed, so that by the time he caught sight of his stolen property, he found himself at the head of a numerous and determined band, among whom was a noted character, John Macandrew of Dalnahaitnich, celebrated for his skill with the bow and arrow. He was a very small man, not more than five feet high, and, as he had no beard, looked more like a boy than a man of mature years. He was, however, very strong, courageous, and quick-witted, and much liked by his neighbours, who called him *Ian Beag Macanndra*.

The lad who had to watch the cattle was tired with his long day's travelling, and was soon sound asleep. Thus, Kilravock and his party were able, favoured by the darkness, to creep up and surround the bothy, a shower of arrows being the first inti-

mation the reivers had of their being pursued. Their first impulse was to rush to the door; but as soon as one showed himself he was struck down. Seeing they could not get out, they made the best stand they could by shooting their arrows at the besiegers; but here again they were at a disadvantage, for the night being so dark they could not distinguish their opponents enough to take aim, while the light inside the bothy allowed Kilravock's men to see the reivers plainly.

Ian Beag soon picked out Achaluachrach as the leader, from the superior style of his dress, and, taking aim, he let fly an arrow with such precision that it passed through the tacksman's body and pinned him against the wall, killing him instantaneously. On seeing this fresh proof of the little man's skill, a comrade called out triumphantly, "Dia is buaidh leat Ian Mhic Anndra, 'tha thamh an Dalnahaitnich"—God and victory be with you, John Macandrew, that dwells in Dalnahaitnich. Annoyed at thus having his name and place of abode made known to the enemy, who, he knew well, would try to be revenged upon him, Macandrew retaliated by screaming out in his shrill voice—"Mile mollachd air do theang', Ian Chaim Choilachi"—A thousand curses on your tongue, Gleyed John of Kyllachy.

While the death of Achaluachrach disheartened his followers, it roused Kilravock's men to renewed exertions, so that not a single man in the bothy escaped. When they were all dead, the besiegers set fire to the frail building, which in a few minutes formed a funeral pile over the slain. The only one that escaped was the young lad who proved such a faithless sentinel. Favoured by the darkness of the night, he hid himself, witnessed the sad affray, heard all that was said, and then made his escape to carry the ill news to the sorrowing bride and her friends.

We cannot say whether "Gleyed John of Kyllachy" was visited with any retaliation for the share he had taken in this night's work; but we will tell what befel our diminutive hero, Ian Beag Macanndra. He was sharp enough to suspect that, through the ill-advised praise of his indiscreet companion, his name would get known to the friends of the slain enemy, and that he would be exposed to the full measure of their revenge; he accordingly took measures for his safety.

Outside his house, near the door, stood a very large and full fir

tree, amid the top branches of which he constructed a hiding place for himself, and carried up a good store of arrows. To this refuge he used to repair every night to prevent his being taken by surprise. During the day he trusted to his vigilance and sharp wits to keep out of danger. One day when Ian Beag was at some distance from the house, he was overtaken by a party of men whom he at once knew to be strangers, and guessed what their errand was. This was fully confirmed when they asked him if he knew one John Macandrew of Dalnahaitnich. On his answering in the affirmative, and saying that he was Macandrew's herd, they asked him to guide them to the house, and they would pay him for his trouble. To this Ian agreed without hesitation, pocketed the coin, and led the way to his own house. On reaching the door he called out to his wife, telling her that some strangers were wanting the master, and asking if he were within. The guidwife took her cue at once, and without exhibiting any signs of alarm, said her husband was not in the house just then, but would probably soon be, and she asked the strangers to come in and rest. Then to gain time, and enable her husband to carry out some scheme of escape, she bustled about to set provisions before the strangers, to which they did good justice. While this was going on, Ian Beag stood thoughtfully by the fire holding his trusty bow in his hand; and while turning over in his mind what course to pursue, he kept unconsciously bending the large bow, nearly as big as himself, and apparently far beyond his physical powers. His wife glanced anxiously at him, and fearing the fact of his bending the bow might be observed by the strangers and excite their suspicions, she stepped quickly up to him and gave him a sounding box on the ear, telling him in an angry tone not to idle there, but to go and look for his master. Ian, thus rudely roused from his reverie, sneaked out of the house with a crestfallen air, still carrying the bow in his hand. No sooner had he got outside than he climbed into his hiding place in the tree, fitted an arrow to his bow, and called out that his master was coming. Hearing this, the strangers hurried to the door, and, as they emerged one by one, Ian shot them down with his unfailing arrows. Thus poor Achaluachrach's avengers shared the same fate as himself. His fair, unwedded bride was overwhelmed with grief at thus finding her worst fears so fatally realised. She

relieved her overburdened spirit by composing a long pathetic Gaelic ballad, in which she related all the dreadful incidents of the fray, and bewailed her own blasted prospects.

M. A. ROSE.

DEATH OF LEWIS ROSS, A NATIVE OF TAIN, IN CANADA.

ON the 20th of September last, this gentleman died at Port Hope, Upper Canada, where he was resident for the last thirty years. Though in poor circumstances on his arrival, he, as the *Port Hope Times* informs us, "by dint of indomitable perseverance and honest dealing built up a business that surpassed all competitors, and he amassed quite a competence. He has occupied nearly every elective position that it was in the hands of the people to bestow."

Previous to 1872, he had been President of the East Durham Reform Association, and was the chosen candidate to contest the Riding in the Reform, or Liberal, interest at the general election of that year. He proved the successful candidate over the Conservative nominee by a large majority, and took his seat in Parliament at Ottawa. On the resignation of the Government of Sir John A. Macdonald, shortly after that contest, he again contested the Riding, and once more secured his election by an increased majority. He was an unflinching supporter of the Hon. Alex. Mackenzie's Government. In 1878, he was for the third time the Reform nominee, but was defeated. He also contested at the General Election in June last.

Mr Ross has been a member of the Public School Board and Board of Harbour Commissioners for a great number of years, and at the time of his death held the position of Chairman of both these bodies. He manifested great interest in the affairs of the town, especially in its educational institutions. He was for many years a member of the Board of Directors of the Midland Railway, and has also filled the position of Acting President during the absence of Mr Cox, the President. Mr Ross was an uncompromising advocate of the Midland Railway, and lent every effort in upholding the management of that road. In the years of adversity of that Railway, he has more than once come forward and given his name for thousands of dollars to enable the Company to pay their employes' wages and keep the road working. During his Parliamentary career, from 1872 to 1878, he rendered acknowledged services to the town, and his presence in municipal affairs will be greatly missed. Mr Ross was for many years a communicant and a steadfast member of the Presbyterian Church. For his personal worth, he was held in the highest esteem, and no one in the county was better known. He was friendly with all, whether rich or poor, and there is none in the section, no matter how much he may have been opposed to the deceased politically, but will say a kind word of him, and deeply lament his sudden demise. He was a native of the parish of Fearn, in Ross-shire, where he was born in 1825. In 1852, he married a daughter of John S. Clute, Esq., Collector of Customs at Picton, Ont., by whom he leaves eight children—three girls and five boys.

These few particulars are extracted from a newspaper that opposed Mr Ross in his whole political career, as Canadian papers only can oppose.

THE HISTORY OF THE CAMERONS.

By the EDITOR.

II.

IX.—ALLAN CAMERON, commonly known among his countrymen as "Allan MacOchtery," which some of our historians have rendered "Allan MacUchtred." This does not, however, appear to have any meaning, for no such name as Uchtred turns up before or after, so far as we can find, in the whole genealogy of the clan. A much more likely origin of the name may be found in the ingenious suggestion that it means Allan "MacOchdamh Triath," or Allan son of the Eighth Chief. If we adopt the family genealogy, as given in the "Memoirs," where two Johns are given in succession immediately before this Allan, such a designation of him would be strictly accurate. Its value and probability will at once become apparent to those who understand the Gaelic language, and it certainly does support the genealogy which gives two chiefs of the name John; though without sufficient consideration, perhaps, we have dropped one of them in our last.* Allan's reign was of a most turbulent character. In his time began the feuds between the clan and the Mackintoshes, which have continued more or less inveterate for many generations after, and were only finally determined towards the end of the seventeenth century.

There are various versions current, all traditional, of the origin of the long-continued and bitter feuds between these two powerful families, and one of them has already appeared in the *Celtic Magazine*, vol. v. pp. 284-86, contributed by the late Patrick Macgregor, M.A., Toronto, a native of Badenoch, well acquainted with the folk-lore of the district. Many other versions are more or less known, but the following is the most recent, and probably the most accurate. By the marriage of Eva, only child of Dougal Dall MacGilleCattan, chief of the ancient Clan Chattan, to Angus,

* John, Allan's father, was erroneously called "John Mac Ochtery" in the November issue. In the "Memoirs" he is styled "John Ochtery," or, according to the suggestion in the text, John Ochdamh Triath.

sixth chief of Mackintosh, in 1291, when he obtained with her, if not the headship of the clan (a question still hotly disputed), at least the lands of her father, comprising those of Glenlui and Loch Arkaig, in Lochaber. The Mackintoshes, however, do not appear to have possessed these lands at this period for any length of time, for Angus, who is said to have lived in Glenlui with his wife for a few years after his marriage, is soon an exile from his home, he having had to flee, from the Lord of Isla, to Badenoch. The lands thus becoming vacant were occupied by the Camerons (or the clan afterwards known as the Camerons), who continued in them for some years without disturbance. William Mackintosh, the son of Angus and Eva, on attaining his majority, demanded the lands in question, and, according to one of the Mackintosh MSS., obtained, in 1337, from John of Isla, a right to the lands of Glenlui and Loch Arkaig. This right being disputed by the Camerons, Mackintosh appealed to the sword, and a great battle was fought at Drumlui, in which the Mackintoshes defeated the Camerons under Donald Alin Mhic Evin Mhic Evin. This engagement was followed by others, each clan alternately carrying the war into his opponent's country, harrying each other's lands and lifting cattle, until we finally arrive at the famous battle of Invernahavon, referred to by Mr Mackintosh-Shaw as follows:—In 1370, according to the Mackintosh MSS.—or, as others have it, sixteen years later—the Camerons, to the number of about four hundred, made a raid into Badenoch, and were returning home with the booty they had acquired when they were overtaken at Invernahavon by a body of the Clan Chattan led by Mackintosh in person. Although outnumbering their opponents, the Clan Chattan well nigh experienced a signal defeat in the engagement which took place, owing to a dispute such as that which in after years contributed largely to the disaster at Culloden—a dispute as to precedence. Mackintosh was accompanied by Macpherson, head of the Clan Mhuirich and MacDhaibhidh or Davidson of Invernahavon, with their respective sept; and between these two chieftains a difference arose as to which of them should have the command of the right wing, the post of honour. It is said that Macpherson claimed it as being the male representative of the old chiefs of the clan, while Davidson contended that, by the custom of the clans,

the honour should be his, as being the oldest cadet, the representative of the oldest surviving *branch*. Taking the literal application of the custom, Davidson's claim was perhaps justifiable; but the case was peculiar, inasmuch as Macpherson, his senior in the clan, did not hold the actual position of chief. As neither party would give way, the dispute was referred to Mackintosh, who decided in favour of Davidson, thus unfortunately offending the Clan Mhuirich, who withdrew in disgust. By awarding the command to either chieftain, Mackintosh would doubtless have given offence to the other; but his decision against the claims of Macpherson, besides being somewhat unjust, was highly imprudent, as the Macphersons were more numerous than the Mackintoshes and the Davidsons together, and without them Mackintosh's force was inferior to that of the Camerons. The battle resulted in the total defeat of the Mackintoshes and Davidsons, the latter being almost entirely cut off. But the honour of Clan Chattan was redeemed by the Macphersons, who, generously forgetting for the time the slight that had been put upon them, and, remembering only that those who had offended them were their brother-clansmen and in distress, attacked the Camerons with such vigour that they soon changed their victory into defeat and put them to flight. The fugitives are said to have taken their flight towards Drumouchter, skirting the end of Loch-Ericht, and then turning westwards in the direction of the River Treig. According to the Rev. L. Shaw, the leader of the Camerons was Charles MacGilony, who was killed; but this is contrary to the tradition of the locality, which states that "MacDhomhnuil Duibh," the chief, commanded in person.* Charles MacGilony however, figures prominently in this tradition as an important man among the Camerons, and a famous archer.†

The author of "The Memoirs of Locheill" gives the Mackintosh version of the battle. He, however, questions their title to the disputed lands in Lochaber, but says that the Camerons considered their title so good that they fought for it "from generation to generation almost to the utter ruine of both families."

* Domhnuill Dubh, and necessarily his son, was not born for years after the date of this battle.

†History of Clan Chattan.

He then proceeds :—"If the Camerons had any other right to the estate in question but simple possession, I know not. All I can say of the matter is, that very few, especially in these parts, could allege a better at that time. The Mackintoshes, however, pretend that, besides the story of the marriage, they had a charter or patent to those lands from the Lord of the Isles in Anno 1337, and that it was confirmed by King David II. in February 1359. But the Camerons, it would seem, had little regard to these rights; for, in 1370, they invaded the Mackintoshes, and having carried away a great booty of cattle, and such other goods as fell in their way, they were pursued and overtaken at a place called Invernahavon, by Lachlan, then Laird of Macintosh, who was routed, and who had a whole branch of his clan called the Clan Day cutt off to a man. That unhappy tribe payed dear for the honour they had in being preferred that day to the van of the battle, in opposition to the Macphersons, that claimed it, and so far resented the injury which they thought was done them, that they would not ingadge att all. But Macintosh, having something of a poetical geneius, composed certain ridiculous rhymes, which he gave out were made in derision of their [the Macpherson's] cowardice by the Camerons, and thereby irritated them to such a degree of fury against them, that they returned next morning, attacked and defeated them, while they were burried in sleep and security after their late victory."*

* This version of the cause that roused the Macphersons to action is given in *extenso* in *Cuairtear nan Gleann*, vol. III., p. 331. Donald Mackintosh, in his "Collection of Gaelic Proverbs," published in 1785, explaining one of the well-known proverbs to which the combat on the Inch of Perth gave rise, says:—

Mackintosh, being irritated and disappointed by this behaviour of the Macphersons, on the night following, sent his own bard to the camp of the Macphersons, as if he had come from the Camerons to provoke them to fight, which he accomplished by repeating the following satirical lines :—

Tha luchd na foille air an tom,
Is am Balg-Shuileach donn na dhraip ;
Cha b' e bhuir cairdeas ruinn a bh'ann
Ach bhuir lamh a bhi tais.

i.e.—The false party are on the field, beholding the chief in danger ; it was not your love to us that made you abstain from fighting, but merely your own cowardice.

This reproach so stung Macpherson that, calling up his men, he attacked the Camerons that same night in their camp, and made a dreadful slaughter of them, pursued them to the foot of Binn-imhais, and killed their chief, Charles Macgilony, at a place called Coire Thearlaich, *i.e.*, Charles's Valley.

This sanguinary conflict must have made a deep impression on those engaged in it, and it may fairly be assumed, when the state of society at that remote period is taken into account, that the old enmity and the feuds between the Camerons and the Mackintoshes would be largely intensified, and become the cause of great slaughter, plunder, and annoyance throughout a considerable portion of the Central and Western Highlands. This state of things naturally led up to the famous combat on the Inch at Perth, where we have little difficulty now in concluding that the Camerons and the Mackintoshes were the contending parties.*

Allan married a daughter of Drummond of Stobhall, ancestor of the Earls of Perth and Melfort, and by her had two sons—

1. Ewen, who succeeded his father.

2. Donald, who succeeded his brother Ewen, and was afterwards known as the famous Donald Dubh.

Allan is said to have died in the reign of Robert III. (1390-1406), when he was succeeded by his eldest son,

X.—EWEN CAMERON, in whose time was fought the famous combat on the Inch of Perth, between thirty picked warriors of his own clan and thirty of the Clan Mackintosh. The author of the "Memoirs" distinctly states, in a footnote to his sketch of Allan MacOchtery, referring to the combat, that "this duel happened in the time of Ewen his (Allan's) son, though misplaced by mistake" by himself. All that could be written of this sanguinary engagement is already so well known that little need be said here regarding it, but we may give the Cameron version of it as it appears in the family Memoirs. Referring to the conflict at Invernahavon, which had in the end proved so disastrous to his clansmen, the author says :—The Camerons did not long delay to avenge themselves on their enemies, and, in a word, their conflicts were so frequent, and at the same time so fierce and bloody, that they made no small noise at Court. For the parties, besides their own strength, had many friends and allies that joined; so that they often brought considerable armies to the field.

Robert the Third then sat upon the Throne. He was a prince of a mild and peaceable temper, and so valetudinary that

* For an exhaustive and, we think, conclusive discussion of this knotty point, see *The Clan Battle at Perth*, in 1396: by Alexander Mackintosh-Shaw, printed for private circulation, 1874.

he was obliged to manage all his affairs by his Ministers. His brother, the Duke of Albany, an active and intelligent prince, governed at Court; and two of his nobility, Thomas Dunbar, Earl of March, and James Lindsay, Earl of Crawford, commanded his troops. These two generals were sent to the Highlands to settle these commotions, but finding that they could not execute their orders by force, without risking the loss of their army, they endeavoured to bring the rival chiefs to some reasonable terms of agreement; and after many overtures they fell upon a proposal that was very agreeable to both. It was in a word this: That thirty of each side should fight before the King and Court without any other arms but their swords, and that the party that should happen to be defeated should have an indemnity for all past offences; and that the conquerors, besides the estate in dispute, should be honoured with the royal favour. By this method, continued they, the plea will be determined in a manner that will testify submission and loyalty to the Crown, and give the world a lasting proof of the courage and bravery of both parties.

Pursuant to this treaty, both the chiefs appeared at Court, and all preliminaries being adjusted, the King ordered a part of the North Inch, or plain upon the banks of the river, near the City of Perth, to be enclosed with a deep ditch, in the form of an amphitheatre, with seats or benches for the spectators, his Majesty himself sitting as judge of the field.

The fame of the extraordinary combat soon spreading over the kingdom drew infinite crowds from all parts to witness so memorable an event. The combatants appeared resolute and fearless, but, when they were just ready to engage, one of the Mackintoshes, who had withdrawn himself from fear, was amissing; whereupon the King demanded that one of the Camerons should be removed, but all of them expressing a great unwillingness to be exempted, one of the spectators, named Henry Wynd, a saddler and citizen of Perth, presented himself before the King, and offered to supply the place of the absent coward on condition that, if his party came off victorious, that he should have a French crown of gold for his reward.*

* Donald Mackintosh, already quoted, and who asserts that the combat was between the Macphersons and the Davidsons, gives the following version:—

The day appointed being come, both parties appeared, but upon mustering the

The parties being now equal, to it they fell, and fought with all the rage and fury that hatred, revenge, and an insatiable thirst of glory could inspire into the breasts of the fiercest of mankind. Like lions and tigers they tore and butchered one another, without any regard to their own safety, and the reader will find it easier to imagine than to express the various passions that agitated the breasts of the spectators in the different scenes of so bloody a tragedy. The king, a good natured prince, was seized with an inexpressible horror; nor was there any present who was not shocked at the cruel spectacle. But it was observed that Henry Wynd distinguished himself above all others during this furious conflict; as he was not spirited and disordered by the same passions as the rest of the party, so he employed his strength

combatants, the Macphersons wanted one of their number, he having fallen sick; it was proposed to balance the difference by withdrawing one of the Davidsons, but so resolved were they upon conquering their opponents, that not one would be prevailed upon to quit the danger. In this emergency, one Henry Wynd, a foundling, brought up in an hospital at Perth, commonly called an Gobh Crom, *i.e.*, the Crooked Smith, offered to supply the sick man's place for a French crown of gold, about three half-crowns sterling money, a great sum in those days. Everything being now settled, the combatants began with incredible fury, and the Crooked Smith being an able swordsman contributed much to the honour of the day, victory declaring for the Macphersons, of whom only ten, besides the Gobh Crom, were left alive, and all dangerously wounded. The Davidsons were all cut off, except one man, who, remaining unhurt, threw himself into the Tay, and escaped. Henry Wynd set out from Perth, after the battle, with a horse load of his effects, and swore he would not take up his habitation till his load fell, which happened in Strathdon, in Aberdeenshire, where he took up his residence. The place is still called, *Leac 'ic a Ghobhain*, *i.e.*, The Smith's Dwelling. The Smiths or Gows, and Macglashans, are commonly called *Sliochd a Ghobh Chruim*, *i.e.*, the descendants of the Crooked Smith; but all agree that he had no posterity, though he had many followers of the first rank, to the number of twelve, who were proud of being reputed the children of so valiant a man; and the more to ingratiate themselves in his favour, they generally learned to make swords as well as to use them, which occasioned their being called Gow, *i.e.*, Smith. His twelve apprentices spread themselves all over the kingdom. Most of them took the name of Mackintosh; those who write otherwise, own their descent from them, though many of them are Macphersons, &c.

Smith of Ballvarry's motto, "*Caraid an am feum*," *i.e.*, "A friend in need," seems to allude to the Gobh Crom's assisting the Macphersons on the above occasion. As soon as the Gobh Crom had killed a man he sat down to rest, and being perceived by the captain, he demanded the reason. The other answered that he had performed his engagement, and done enough for his wages. The captain replied that no wages would be counted to him; he should have an equivalent for his valour; upon which he immediately got up to fight, and repeated the saying:—" *Am fear nach cunn-tadh riim cha chuinntaim ris.*"

and directed his courage with more discretion and play; and to his conduct it was principally ascribed that they at last had the advantage of their antagonists. Four of the Mackintoshes (all mortally wounded) survived, and only one of the Camerons escaped, he having the good fortune to remain unhurt, had the address to save himself by swimming across the River Tay; nor were the miserable victors in a condition to prevent him. The brave mercenary, Henry Wynd, likewise survived, without so much as a scratch on his body. His valour is still famous among his countrymen, and gave rise to a proverb, which is commonly repeated when any third person unnecessarily engages himself in the quarrels of others—"He comes in, like Henry Wynd, for his own hand."*

Such was the issue of this memorable combat, which though it did not put an end to the difference betwixt the rival clans, yet the most fierce and turbulent among them having been destroyed, it suspended the effects of their differences for years after.†

Ewen Cameron was continually engaged in local feuds and skirmishes. He on one occasion fought a duel in vindication of the honour of an injured lady, who, in return, celebrated his gallantry and valour in a beautiful Gaelic song, "still sung," says our author, "with pleasure by his posterity." Is it known to the clan now?

He was succeeded by his distinguished son, the famous "Domh'ull Dubh Mac Eoghainn," from whom the patronymic of the clan, and of whom in our next.

(To be continued.)

* Mr Mackintosh Shaw informs us that the Mackintosh MS. History says that the absentee on their side was seized with sickness shortly before the fight—a not unlikely occurrence, considering the temptations which a capital would offer to a semi-barbarous Gael. This is a natural suggestion for a Mackintosh to make, but both Bowar and Lesly agree with the Cameron chronicler that the absentee Mackintosh "became faint-hearted," and was amissing "for fear." In reference to the after history of Henry Wynd, Mr Shaw says that "tradition has a pleasing record that this man accompanied the remnant of the Clan Chattan champions to their country, was adopted into their clan, and became the progenitor of a family, afterwards known as *Shiochd a Ghobha Chruim* (the race of the Crooked Smith.) This record is far from incredible, more especially as Bowar represents the Smith of Perth as stipulating for his subsequent maintenance if he should leave the field alive. Strathavon is said to have been the place where he took up his abode, and here, as well as in the neighbouring localities, his reputed descendants have long flourished, and are still to be found. The Smiths or Gows generally appear among the septs, of which the Clan Chattan of more modern times was composed, and which acknowledged the Chief of Mackintosh as their chief and captain. Some families of the name of Smith have the motto, *Marte et ingenio*, which is peculiarly appropriate, if any of those bearing it are descendants of the renowned Smith of Perth."—*The Clan Battle at Perth*, pp. 16-17.

† *Memoirs of Lochell*, Author's Introduction, pp. 10-12.

A RUN THROUGH CANADA AND THE STATES.

BY KENNETH MACDONALD, F.S.A., Scot.

II.—MONTREAL.

ON the night of my arrival in Montreal I did not move far away from my hotel—the St Lawrence Hall—but for a city which in comparison with Glasgow, for instance, is a small one—for the population of Montreal is less than one-third that of Glasgow—the spectacle presented by St James' Street at night was sufficiently striking. To begin with, the St Lawrence Hall itself was brilliantly lighted, both inside and out, by the electric light, which rendered the street in the neighbourhood as bright as day. On either side were other buildings similarly lighted, and the effect was to give the city an appearance of bustle and life, which, with less brilliant lights, it would not present. The effect of the spectacle upon me was somewhat modified by the recollection of the roughness of the streets. The drive from the railway station to the hotel gave me my first experience of driving in America, and it was by no means a pleasant one. The vehicle was dignified with the name of omnibus, and so far as shape and general appearance were concerned it closely resembled the carriage bearing the same name at home. A drive of what seemed to be rather more than a mile along what I afterwards found to be one of the main thoroughfares of Montreal, convinced me for the time that whatever general resemblance a Canadian omnibus might have to a Scottish one there was an essential difference in the matter of springs. As we went bumping along the road, now butting our heads against the low roof and next into the waist-band of a fellow-passenger opposite, I was forcibly reminded of Horace Greeley's famous ride, which reached its climax when, after being pounded into a sort of jelly inside the carriage sent for him, a sudden bound of the wheels over the rough road sent his head, hat and all—the only hard bits remaining—through the roof. Greeley's driver had some excuse, for he had promised to have his famous charge "there by seving." Our Jehu had no

such excuse, as there was no anxious crowd awaiting us, and a half hour one way or other would not have mattered. When, with aching bones and ruffled temper, I reached the hall, I concluded in my haste that the Canadians had not yet learned the use of springs. In my leisure, I found that Canadians not only knew the use of springs, but could teach us a good deal in the matter of wheels. Their carriage springs are at least as good as ours, and their wheels are a marvel of lightness and strength. As a people, however, they seem to have been too busy about other things to devote much attention to the making of good roads and streets. The Montreal streets I soon found were neither better nor worse than the streets in other transatlantic cities, always excepting Winnipeg. They are rough, very rough, but yet they are driven over, as a rule, more rapidly than our better roads at home usually are. A stranger driving over them for the first time will not enjoy it, but one soon gets accustomed to it. Comparative comfort can, however, be had in the street cars, and to one who wishes to see a great deal of a large city in a short time these are to be recommended.

In Montreal, as in the rest of Lower Canada, a British visitor is at first surprised at the extent to which French is spoken. But when it is remembered that Montreal was originally settled by French Catholics in pursuance of an attempt to found in America a veritable Kingdom of God as understood by devout Roman Catholics, and that more than one-half of the whole population of the city now is of French origin, it ought to form no matter for surprise that French is generally spoken. Moreover French law is administered in the courts, French deeds are as frequently the subject of litigation as English ones, Parliamentary candidates deliver speeches in French, and all parliamentary proceedings are officially published in French as well as in English. It is no wonder, therefore, that in Montreal every person who has received an ordinary education is able to read, speak, and write the French language as fluently as he does English.

One of the first acquaintances I made in Montreal was Mr Andrew Burns of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, an elder brother of our respected townsman, Councillor Burns of Inverness. From Mr Burns I received an amount of kindness for which I was unable at the time, and am unable yet to thank him ade-

quately, but I take this opportunity of expressing my gratitude to him for the many kindnesses I received at his hands during my several visits to Montreal. Mr Burns has been in Canada for over twenty-five years, and has filled various important positions in connection with the Grand Trunk—by far the largest railway system in Canada—and the position he now holds is one of the most important in the system. His success proves that he performs his duties with ability, and his popularity with the people of Montreal is evidenced by the fact that, when a recent promotion removed him to a post where he came less frequently into contact with them, they were almost inclined to regret his good luck. Mr Burns is still a comparatively young man, and I hope he has yet a long career of usefulness before him. Through Mr Burns I made the acquaintance of Mr Phippen, of the Central Vermont Railway, a Yankee, as he himself said, from Boston, but so like a veritable John Bull in figure and speech that I had some difficulty in believing him when he told me he was an American.

During this my first visit to the city I divided my time pretty equally between persons and places. One interesting historical spot to which I paid a visit was the Custom-House, a handsome building on the river front, covering a triangular piece of ground, which, in the old days, was formed by a little stream falling there into the main river. Upon this spot on 18th May 1642 were laid the foundations of Ville-Marie de Montréal. The ceremony was a curious one, as will be seen by the following extract from Parkman:—"Maisonneuve sprang ashore, and fell on his knees. His followers imitated his example, and all joined their voices in enthusiastic songs of thanksgiving. Tents, baggage, arms, and stores were landed. An altar was raised on a pleasant spot near at hand, and Mademoiselle Mance, with Madame de la Peltrie, aided by her servant, Charlotte Barré, decorated it with a taste which was the admiration of the beholders. Now all the company gathered before the shrine. Here stood Vimont in the rich vestments of his office. Here were the two ladies with their servant, Montinagny, no very willing spectator; and Maisonneuve, a warlike figure, erect and tall, his men clustering around him. They kneeled in reverent silence as the Host was raised aloft; and when the rite was over the priest turned and addressed them—"You are a grain of mustard seed, that shall

rise and grow till its branches overshadow the earth. You are few, but your work is the work of God. His smile is on you, and your children shall fill the land.'” Verily, the grain of mustard seed has grown into a tree whose branches overshadow the land, as the enthusiastic Vimont predicted. Montreal has now a population of over 140,000, and of these over 100,000 are Roman Catholics. I do not know that every one of them is as pious as the enthusiasts of the seventeenth century, or that even Catholic Montreal is a Kingdom of God on earth; but their churches, which are found in every part of the city, are among the most magnificent in the world, and their priests jostle the lay passenger into the gutter at every street corner.

Leaving the river-side I first walked and then drove through a considerable part of the city, and I soon found why it was that when Scotland ran short of ministers she so frequently drew upon Montreal, and why when a renegade monk comes to enlighten Scotch Presbyterians he has always a good deal to say of Montreal. Montreal is a city of churches. It had, as has been seen, a religious origin, and it has been trying hard to preserve its early reputation ever since. The result is that it is, to put it mildly, well supplied with religious edifices. Mark Twain recently said, speaking in Montreal, “that he never was in a city before where one could not throw a brick-bat without breaking a church window.” A recent writer on the subject says—“The action and reaction constantly going on in a community containing an unusual number of earnest men of all conceivable shades of ecclesiastical opinion naturally excites a corresponding amount of zeal which has crystalised into stone and mortar.” This *may* be the explanation, and the writer, who lives in Montreal, ought to know. I have, however, seen people, by no means eminent for piety, go through a performance which looked uncommonly like trying to cheat the devil by building a church.

While crossing the Atlantic I heard a good deal about the Rev. Gavin Lang, recently translated to Inverness, who is well-known throughout Canada, and especially in Montreal. Of course opinion is divided as to the attitude taken up by Mr Lang in connection with the application of the Church temporalities on the union of the various Presbyterian Churches in Canada some years ago; but, in Montreal at least, his large-hearted toleration,

and the heartiness with which he always co-operated with his Catholic and Episcopalian fellow Christians, were only spoken of to be praised. Toleration is one of the traditions of religious life in Montreal. Immediately after the conquest of Canada the Protestants used one of the Roman Catholic Churches for worship after the morning mass. In 1766, and for twenty years afterwards, the Church of England people occupied the church of the Recollets every Sunday afternoon. Before 1792 the Presbyterians used the same church, and when they moved to their own first church they presented to the priests of the Recollet Church a gift of candles for the High Altar, and of wine for the Mass, as a token of goodwill and thanks for the gratuitous use of the church. When Mr Lang, after living for some years in the religious atmosphere of Montreal, returned to Scotland his first public utterance was an offer to co-operate with Christian fellow-workers of all denominations. All praise to him, and may his example soon be widely followed.

I went inside only one of the Montreal churches, that commonly called the Cathedral, but the true designation of which is the Parish Church of Notre Dame. The church stands upon the Place d'Armes, and is so striking an object that it at once attracts the attention of a stranger. It is built of limestone, and, looked at from the outside, appears a plain and substantial but stately building. It is surmounted by two towers, which are over two hundred feet high. The inside of the church contrasts strangely with the outside. The inside is all paint, gilt, and beautifully carved woodwork. It is very brilliant, perhaps too brilliant, according to Scotch taste, for a church. Looking back from the front of the altar upon the tiers of pews, with the richly decorated galleries rising one over the other, one can well believe that the church will comfortably hold the 10,000 people which it is said to accommodate. My visit was made on a Thursday about mid-day. Seated here and there in the pews were worshippers engaged in their devotions, and near the altar a delicate-looking young woman was kneeling with her pale face turned upwards from the time I entered the building until I left, and probably for some time before and after. The majority of the people in the building were, however, like myself, strangers, who respectfully walked on tiptoe through the church, hat in hand, examining the

pictures and decorations. For a small sum access can be had during the summer months to the top of one of the towers. In ascending, the Great Bell, said to be the largest in America, is seen. It weighs 29,400 lbs. From the top a magnificent view of the city and surrounding country is obtained, and the visitor to Montreal should not miss the sight. An American writer (Mr Howells) thus describes the sight—"So far as the eye reaches it dwells only upon what is magnificent. All the features of that landscape are grand. Below you spreads the city, which has less than is merely mean in it than any other city of our continent, and which is everywhere ennobled by stately civic edifices, adorned by tasteful churches and skirted by full-foliaged avenues of mansions and villas. Behind it rises the beautiful mountain, green with woods and gardens to its crest, and flanked on the east by an endless fertile plain, and on the west by another expanse through which the Ottawa rushes, turbid and dark, to its confluence with the St Lawrence. Then these two mighty streams commingled flow past the city, lighting up the vast champaign country to the south, while upon the utmost southern verge, as on the northern, rise the cloudy summits of far off mountains."

After leaving the Church of Notre Dame I continued my walk through the city, not knowing in the least where I was, or where I was going to, and caring very little so long as my watch showed me the time had not arrived when I must jump into the handiest conveyance to get back to my hotel to meet my friend Mr Burns. Walking onwards I came upon an open space from which I could see the river. Overlooking the river I saw a column, and on the column a statue, and near them two large guns. The statue was one of Lord Nelson, and the guns two of those taken at Sebastopol, and presented to the city by the Home Government. The column and statue were placed in their present position (the place is, I believe, called Jacques Cartier Square) soon after Nelson's death at Trafalgar, and they look as if the only attentions they had received since were the reverse of kindly. The gun-carriages are old and dilapidated, and the guns were falling out of them. The whole place has an appearance of neglect which seems to indicate that Montreal has forgotten to revere the hero in whose honour it erected a statue in

1808. As to the guns, if they are left alone for a year or two longer they will part with what is left of their carriages, and either roll into the river, or bury themselves in the mud in which the trucks of their carriages are already nearly out of sight. For the credit of Montreal I hope some energetic alderman will call attention to the condition of the Nelson Statue, and either have it buried out of sight or put into a state worthy of the hero it was meant to commemorate, and of the beautiful city in which it stands.

The appearance presented by Montreal when looked at from the river is one of its most pleasing aspects. A long line of quays faced with grey limestone runs along the river side, and there, nearly 1000 miles from the Atlantic and 250 miles above salt water, the largest ocean-going vessels lie afloat at their moorings loading and discharging their cargoes. During the season the navigation of the St Lawrence is open, three large ocean steamships sail weekly from Montreal to Liverpool, and two to Glasgow, while five other lines have fortnightly sailings to Britain or the Continent of Europe. These represent only the regular lines, and do not include the numerous steamers trading to the port, which do not have fixed days for sailing. In 1880 the value of the exports from Montreal exceeded £6,000,000 sterling, while the imports exceeded £7,000,000. This large trade did not come into existence without effort on the part of Montreal. Quebec is 160 miles nearer the Atlantic, and would appear to be the natural seaport of Canada, and, but for the enterprise of Montreal, it would be the actual seaport.

About midway between Montreal and Quebec the St Lawrence opens out into the Lake St Peter, the greater part of the channel through which was comparatively shallow. Upwards of thirty years ago, however, the Harbour Commissioners of Montreal commenced operations, having for their object the deepening of the shallow parts of the channel, and these operations have continued ever since. The result is that now the channel is so deepened that there is a minimum depth of twenty-five feet at low water, and the deepened channel is 300 feet wide at its narrowest part. But for these extensive operations it would be impossible for the large ocean-going vessels which now frequent the harbour of Montreal to come near that port. They would be compelled to load and discharge at Quebec. As it is, it is so rare

an occurrence for a large vessel to stop short at Quebec without going up the river to Montreal, that in a Quebec paper, published on the day I left Canada, a special article in prominent type chronicled and commented on the fact that a large vessel, the name of which was given, had discharged her cargo, and was to load a return cargo of timber at Quebec without going up the river. There does not appear to be any good reason why Quebec should not have an independent and flourishing trade of her own without in any way interfering with Montreal. Near Quebec there is a large extent of heavily timbered country, and this, if energetically and judiciously worked, would form a nucleus, round which the trade of the port might once more be developed.

K. M'D.

(*To be continued.*)

LACHLAN MACDONALD OF SKEABOST.

PROFESSOR BLACKIE, in a sketch of this really good and truly patriotic Highlander contributed to the *Scotsman*, wrote the following lines "in praise of the good laird of Skeabost, and in illustration of that most orthodox doctrine that we are here, not for the purpose of plashing in shallow pools, of what foolish young gentlemen and idle lordlings call pleasure, but for creating good out of evil, and beauty out of ugliness, by well-directed energy":—

Skeabost, albeit no breadth of glowing skies
 Flings floods of light on this mist-mantled isle,
 Thou, like a god, hast shaped with plastic toil
 The waste into a blooming Paradise.
 On lazy loons let Heaven drop fatness; they,
 In their own fat drone out their languid lives;
 But in harsh fate's despite the brave man thrives,
 And gains in strength from sweatful day to day.
 There are who dream of gods that nothing do,
 But round Jove's festal board they sit and sip
 Deep bowls of nectar with luxurious lip;
 But our God works; and we His work pursue,
 Most like to Him when we subdue the crude
 Chaotic mass, rejoicing in the Good.